

THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

Chapter 2106

Change Her Last Name

Eric stood up straight and looked at the sky outside the window.

The sky was blue and dotted with fluffy white clouds.

At this time, there was no emotion in Eric's eyes.

Ingrid was really scared.

Eric turned around, nodded at Mitchell, and walked out of the office on his own.

Mitchell stepped forward and looked at Ingrid with cold eyes, "Ms. Ferguson, please come with me."

The moment Eric gave up on his sister, Mitchell no longer needed to be polite to her.

After all, Ingrid was an idiot who offended everyone and looked down on Eric's sidekick, Mitchell.

Mitchell was clear about what Ingrid did and would not plead for her.

Ingrid trembled all over. She also felt ashamed of herself. She tugged on her skirt, but she could not hide the soiled parts.

Ingrid had never been so embarrassed all her life. She had a lot of tears and snot on her face that she could not control.

Seeing Mitchell's icy expression as if he did not want to help her up, Ingrid felt even more frustrated.

In just a few minutes, all her plans fell through. Her face was gloomy.

Even after Eric left, her body was still trembling slightly.

Ingrid stood up with all her strength and held onto the chair beside her.

Mitchell looked at her and frowned slightly like he was very disgusted by Ingrid.

However, he thought of something and held back his expression.

"If you want to change your clothes, I'll get someone to take you out to change." Mitchell implied that Ingrid could not change in Eric's office.

Eric was a germaphobe. Not to mention Eric, even Mitchell could not stand the sight of Ingrid. Ingrid's voice trembled as she said, "What is my brother going to do to me?"

Mitchell hooked his lips.

"He's no longer your brother. You lost your brother the moment you planned to kill him."

Ingrid's heart sank. She spoke in a panic.

"I was blinded by hatred for a while. I know I was wrong. We're siblings, so he won't hate me forever."

Mitchell's tone was cold: "If your plan hadn't failed, Mr. Ferguson and Young Master Chance would've been dead. Why didn't you think of forever then?"

Ingrid gasped. She could see the change in Mitchell's attitude. She broke out in a cold sweat.

Ingrid stood there, motionless.

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Mitchell did not have much patience left. He looked at the time.

"You don't want me to get someone to carry you away, right? If so, everyone will see your wretchedness..." Ingrid's expression changed dramatically.

The corners of her lips turned white.

"May I ask why Chance went to the hospital when Eric didn't die?"

Eric would not have been wary of a child, so Chance would definitely get to shoot him at close range.

What was more likely was that Eric would not even think the gun was real.

Therefore, in Ingrid's plan, there was 100% fatality in Chance's shot.

However, Ingrid just saw that Eric was well alive.

Eric did not look injured, let alone shot. How did her plan fail? Mitchell hooked his lips and looked at Ingrid pitifully.

However, Mitchell did not pity Ingrid much.

"Young Master Chance is different from his mother. He's kind-hearted and loves his father. Even though Mr. Ferguson isn't as affectionate to him as a typical father would, Young Master Chance knows how to be grateful, unlike you. No matter what, Young Master Chance won't do anything heinous. But the silver lining in this is that Young Master Chance can finally talk when he questioned Mr. Ferguson earlier. That's why Mr. Ferguson sent him to the hospital."

Mitchell's every word was like a thin thread tightening around Ingrid's neck, inch by inch. It made her breathless.

Ingrid bit her lower lip until blood was oozing out. She looked at Mitchell and suddenly pushed down the chair she was holding. It created a loud noise.

Mitchell's eyes sank.

Ingrid started to go rogue again and fell to the ground.

"I'm not leaving! I want to see my brother! I'm a Ferguson, so I won't just do whatever he says. My parents are still alive, so I'll wait for them to come back!"

Ingrid hung onto her last hope.

Mitchell's face turned completely frigid. He did not say anything, turned around, and left. He took out his phone and instructed, "Come up."

In less than a minute, many strong bodyguards filed into the office.

Ingrid looked at them in shock.

Those people were not polite at all because bodyguards would only follow orders and would not care if the other party was a man or a woman.

They would not go soft on a woman.

Thus, four bodyguards went forward and grabbed Ingrid by the limbs.

No matter how much Ingrid screamed and cursed in horror, they remained unmoved.

Just like this, Ingrid was carried out in public.

On the way out, Mitchell coldly instructed the staff, "Replace all the chairs in Mr. Ferguson's office with new ones and get someone to clean the room. Make sure every corner is spotless. Oh, please ventilate the office as well..."

This was like a slap on Ingrid's face.

Even if the people outside did not know what happened, they would inevitably speculate about it when they saw such a scene. Ms. Ferguson must have caused huge trouble.

Otherwise, why would Eric be so harsh on his sister? Ingrid was thrown out of the building and immediately dragged into the car.

The person in the car was on a call.

"Yes, Mr. Crawford. Don't worry. Mr. Ferguson can rest assured that we'll take good care of Ms. Ferguson."

At that moment, Ingrid figured out who this was.

"Did my brother ask you to come here? What is he going to do?"

The other party threw Ingrid a brand new ID card and said bluntly, "In the future, he's no longer your brother because you're no longer a Ferguson. Your last name is Quigley now, Ms. Ingrid Quigley."

Ingrid raised her head in shock. Her eyes widened instantly.

The next second, someone put a hood on her head from behind and knocked her unconscious.

The car engine started, and they quickly drove out of the city.

Mitchell returned to the conference room.

Eric was presiding over the meeting in the conference room, as if everything that just happened did not affect him at all.

Two hours later, the meeting finally ended.

Eric came out as if nothing had happened. He looked at the time.

Mitchell realized something and quickly said, "She should've arrived by now. Don't worry, there's no modern transportation in that place. There's not a single car in that village. If she were to walk, she'd have to walk for three full days to get to the town. She won't be able to come out."

Eric responded with a gloomy expression.

Mitchell said, "But I think that she contacted your parents beforehand. Mr. Ferguson, you should be prepared."

Eric was silent for a moment. He then sneered, turned around, and entered his office.

"I'm going on a business trip tomorrow, so I'll leave this place to you." Mitchell nodded.

He was relieved to see Eric go into his office.

Mitchell was just about to go back to his office when he saw a few assistants gathered around, discussing something.

The main topic was none other than speculating about what happened just now.

Words like, "Mr. Ferguson", "Ms. Ferguson", "Young Master Chance", and so on, were used.

Mitchell raised his eyebrows and went to the pantry to get himself a cup of coffee.

As a result, someone came up to him and inquired.

"Mr. Crawford, what happened just now? No one let us near the office, and Ms. Ferguson was..."

"yeah, is Ferguson Corporation's stock going to fluctuate?"

"Mr. Crawford, you've won Mr. Ferguson's trust. What happened?"

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Chapter 2107

Let's Be Realistic

Everyone surrounded Mitchell and bombarded him with questions. Mitchell smiled and shook his head.

"Are you all that curious?" Everyone nodded.

How could they not be curious? 1 Mitchell paused.

"If you're curious, ask Mr. Ferguson yourselves!" He looked serious as he stared at them.

"All of you discussed gossip during work hours, so you'd better work two hours of overtime to make up for it!" Everyone was stunned like they were struck by lightning.

"Mr. Crawford is more like a boss than Mr. Ferguson!"

Stanton Mansion.

Although Jay Malone entrusted his company to professionals, he was not completely assured because they were not his confidants.

Thus, Jay regularly took time out every month to check on his company. Jay's grandson, Fischer, was left to Floyd.

Chatty had an obsession with Ultraman recently.

Fischer dressed up as Ultraman to make her happy, but that could no longer satisfy her.

That was because Chatty could push Fischer down easily, and Fischer would cry with one punch.

After crying, Fischer would even go to Chatty meekly and apologize to her.

Chatty did not like this weak Ultraman.

Fischer was also not qualified to be a monster.

Nicole wore high heels all day and was exhausted when she came back. She kicked her heels to the side and walked in.

Clayton, who was behind Nicole, came in after her.

Although he looked a little tired, he could not hide his joy. Floyd looked at the couple coming in one after the other and was a little surprised.

"Didn't you guys go out on a date?"

Clayton replied, "Yes, but I met an acquaintance there and started to talk business. Nicole was upset and ended it early."

Anyway, their romantic lives had been very fulfilling and satisfying, so dates were not so important anymore.

Clayton carried a lot of bags and put them aside.

Nicole was so exhausted that she slumped on the sofa, unable to sit upright.

Chatty happily ran over to hug and kiss Nicole's face.

"Mommy, I really miss you!" Nicole's heart melted. She hugged her precious daughter kissed her repeatedly.

"Baby, Mommy missed you too!"

In fact, Nicole said that with a guilty conscience.

With Clayton by her side, she did not think about anyone else, not even Floyd.

Chatty held an Ultraman toy and made a gesture on Nicole's belly with a thoughtful look on her face.

Nicole was stunned and put the ugly Ultraman away. She had absolutely no idea why her daughter's taste was completely opposite from hers.

At least, Nicole liked princesses when she was a child.

Chatty was untroubled and put the toy on Nicole's stomach again.

Clayton was a little jealous that his baby daughter did not greet him. He walked over and stretched out his hand.

"Let Daddy hug you..."

Chatty rejected him and said seriously, "No! I'm going to put Ultraman in Mommy's belly so that I can have a big Ultraman brother!"

Clayton's expression changed dramatically.

Finally, he looked at Nicole, who was equally shocked.

The couple looked at each other.

Floyd coughed from the side.

"It's a little brother or sister..."

Nicole gave Floyd a strange look.

Floyd immediately cleared his name.

"This has nothing to do with me! I didn't tell her anything or mention anything. How could I let my daughter suffer through pregnancy again?" Nicole snorted.

"Dad, if you have the time, why don't you urge Mav and Kai?" Floyd clicked his tongue.

"Your second brother and Molly are devoted to research and aren't interested in children, so they're hopeless. Your third brother is equally hopeless. Julie is the only one who can call the shots, so he doesn't have the right to speak!"

Nicole could not help but laugh.

Even Clayton pursed his lips and stifled a laugh.

"Dad, Third Brother has his own plans. Julie likes Levi and Chatty so much, so she'll definitely have one of her own someday." Nicole nodded.

"Yeah, Dad. Don't interfere."

Floyd said, "I know, I know!"

Everyone changed the topic.

Only Chatty was still wondering whether her mother's belly could hold an Ultraman.

Nicole did not take it to heart at all. She had no plans to have a second child.

The end of the year was approaching, and Stanton Corporation was getting busier.

To cooperate with Nicole's work schedule, Clayton put down a lot of things at hand.

Floyd was not in the best of health recently.

Thus, when Clayton had the chance, he would take his precious daughter to various gatherings.

Chatty had a natural sense of enthusiasm toward crowded occasions. She was not shy or timid.

On the contrary, she was so comfortable and felt right at home.

With Chatty around, the environment would be cleaner, and the topics everyone talked about were healthy and positive.

Clayton was very satisfied with this.

There were all kinds of people in these gatherings, but no one brought along such a small child.

Thus, Chatty became everyone's focus and was treated like an emperor.

Clayton drew some cards on the poker table.

Naturally, someone crouched down to play with Chatty.

If Clayton had to take care of his daughter, how could they talk business with Clayton? Chatty was two years old and could express her thoughts clearly.

From time to time, she would get something to eat or play with.

The person who took care of her saw that she was very well-behaved as she sat on the sofa and ate the egg tart in tiny bites.

That person suddenly felt that Clayton was very successful in educating his child. He looked over in Clayton's direction and wanted to join in the fun.

Chatty glanced at the man and fell asleep on the sofa in a daze.

The man called out to her a few times, but she did not respond.

Chatty seemed to be asleep.

The man gently covered Chatty with a blanket before he tiptoed away.

As soon as the man left, Chatty opened her eyes.

Chatty thought, 'Even Grandpa Floyd wouldn't be fooled by this trick! This uncle is so stupid!' She happily climbed down from the sofa and ran away with her two short legs.

Chatty was not worried that something bad would happen to her.

After all, she was invincible with Ultraman in her hand. She ran around and suddenly bumped into someone's legs.

Chatty covered her head and squatted down sadly. Her tender and fair little face was scrunched up, as if she suffered a huge grievance. She thought, 'Why is this man's leg so hard?'

Suddenly, someone held her fleshy little hand and picked her up.

Chatty was too frightened to feel sad and looked up with a dumbfounded expression.

An unfamiliar and handsome man carried her. He looked stiff but gentle.

"Are you okay? Who are your parents? Why do you look so familiar?"

The little girl pouted her lips and turned her small head flexibly.

"I'm Princess Ultraman!"

Eric frowned and chuckled.

"There's no such thing as Princess Ultraman. Be realistic, kid!"

Chatty seemed to have heard a bolt from the blue and glared at him angrily.

"Nonsense! Let me down! I'm going to find Daddy!"

Eric raised his eyebrows slightly. He had been on a business trip for a while and did not know whose child was so naive. However, he never paid attention to other people's children. Eric did not even pay attention to his own child, let alone others.

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Chapter 2108

Little Brother or Sister

The child's forehead was red from bumping into Eric's legs.

Although the little girl] bumped into him first, he could not possibly blame a child for not watching where she was going.

After some thought, Eric thought of telling the child's father to teach the child how to walk.

Of course, Eric did not mind offering some money to express his apology.

"Who is your daddy? What's his name?" Chatty raised her chin proudly and snorted.

"My daddy is the father of Ultraman, the King of the Land of the Light in Nebula M78!"

Eric was speechless as he thought, 'Is this kid sick in the head?' However, Eric felt that the child's arrogant expression when she spoke was a little familiar.

His heart skipped a beat.

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The next second, someone came out of the next room.

Mitchell was stunned when he saw Eric carrying a little girl.

"Mr. Ferguson, you're here...Ms. Sloan?!"

Mitchell looked at the two in shock.

Eric could not hold his expression anymore. He frowned slightly and asked, "You know her?"

In this circle, people with Sloan as their last name were quite rare. Ms. Sloan? Was she Nicole's and Clayton's daughter? Eric's lips were pressed into a straight line as he looked at the child in his arms with a complicated gaze. He finally recalled why this girl looked so familiar.

That was because this child's expression was identical to Nicole's.

Mitchell nodded and gave him a complicated look.

Eric had not been able to forget about Nicole, so he did not want to hear any news about the people around her.

Thus, Eric had not seen Chatty before, so he did not recognize her.

"Ms. Sloan might have sneaked out of the room. Mr. Ferguson, shall I send her back?"

Mitchell stretched out his hand. Eric did not let go of Chatty and looked straight at the little girl.

"You should call me..."

Eric hesitated for a few seconds. His heart was bitter and uncomfortable. If everything went smoothly back then, Chatty would have been Eric's daughter, and Eric would love her more than Clayton did.

Eric would not be stingy even if she wanted the whole world.

What a pity...

Chatty did not give Eric a chance. She frowned at him and put her arms on her chubby waist like a little adult.

"Monster, let me down!" Eric looked at her helplessly.

He tried his best to soften his voice as he said, "Is your mommy here too?"

Eric tried his best to put on a friendly smile on his face.

Aside from her father, Eric really liked this beautiful, smart, bubbly, and cute kid. He could not help but love her perhaps because it was his extension of love for Nicole.

Eric looked at Chatty and felt that she was more pleasing to the eye.

The dissatisfaction he felt earlier was completely swept away.

Mitchell wanted to say something, but Eric obviously did not want him to speak.

"Go back. I'll send her home."

Mitchell opened his mouth. It was too late to stop him.

Chatty said in good spirits, "My mommy didn't come because she's at home having a baby. I'm getting a big brother! Oh, it's a little brother or sister...Daddy won't let me disturb Mommy."

At that moment, Eric's body turned completely stiff and cold.

The warmth in his eyes gradually disappeared.

Eric's heart felt like it was stabbed when he saw Chatty's happy expression. It felt like his world was collapsing again.

Mitchell did not know what happened, but he saw that Eric suddenly stopped walking.

In the next second, Eric suddenly turned around and handed over the little girl in his arms to Mitchell.

Then, under Mitchell's shocked gaze, Eric walked out with a livid face and an intimidating aura.

Eric looked like he did not want to stay here a second longer.

"Mr. Ferguson, those people inside have been waiting for you for a long time..."

However, Eric did not hear Mitchell and only wanted to leave that place quickly.

Mitchell stood there, dumbfounded. He held the child in his arms and felt a little overwhelmed.

"Ms. Sloan, what did you just say? Why did Mr. Ferguson suddenly leave?"

Chatty did not want to repeat herself. She touched her bruised forehead and snorted.

"I want to tell Daddy that he didn't say sorry for bumping into me!"

Mitchell heard this and immediately became anxious.

If Clayton found out, it would be more troublesome.

Mitchell immediately coaxed Chatty and went out to ask where Clayton's private room was.

"Ms. Sloan, aren't you and Chance good friends? You just bumped into Chance's daddy. Since we're all friends, you don't need to tell your daddy about this, right? I can ask Chance to play with you..."

Chatty frowned in puzzlement. She had not been to Levi's school in a long time and had long forgotten who Chance was.

How could she possibly listen to Mitchell? Chatty blinked her eyes, swung her two short legs, and rolled her beautiful big eyes.

"No! I have Lil Fish!"

Mitchell was speechless Under the guidance of the waiter, they soon walked back to the original path and saw that Clayton brought a lot of people out to look for his daughter.

Clayton looked extremely anxious.

Clayton's tense face instantly relaxed when he saw that Mitchell was carrying Chatty.

Clayton took a few steps forward and carried his baby girl. He felt very relieved.

The piece of trash in the private room could not even babysit a child, so he would never be able to enter Clayton's circle.

Chatty was very excited to see Clayton. She hugged Clayton's neck and kissed him happily.

"Daddy!"

Clayton's originally stern face suddenly eased up. He sighed helplessly and gently pinched Chatty's cheek.

"Why did you run around? Daddy was so worried!"

"I'm sorry..."

Chatty imitated Nicole's coquettish tone, which made Clayton wonder whether he should laugh or cry. The situation finally eased up, and Clayton calmed down.

Clayton looked like he wanted to kill someone when he found out that his daughter was missing earlier.

A group of well-dressed businessmen suddenly changed their expressions.

"It's great that Ms. Sloan is found. She's really cute."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Crawford."

When Mitchell heard someone mentioning his name, he raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"You're welcome."

That was when Clayton turned his attention to Mitchell.

Clayton suddenly thought about Chatty's incident where she fell into the water because she attended Chance's birthday party, which Mitchell had arranged. He remembered this clearly.

In an instant, Clayton's eyes turned colder, and he hooked his lips.

"Mr. Crawford, it's a coincidence that you're here. Why don't you join us?"

Mitchell was stunned and immediately refused.

"No, thanks. I still have to meet some clients here. Thanks for the offer, Mr. Sloan."

If Mitchell stayed any longer, Clayton would most probably find out about Chatty's encounter with Eric.

After saying that, Mitchell greeted them and turned to leave.

Clayton carried Chatty and thought about it.

"Did he help you find your way back? Did you meet any bad guys?"

Chatty nodded her head solemnly.

"There's a big monster!"

Clayton was speechless.

Chatty was extroverted and was no longer satisfied with playing at home.

From time to time, Chatty would ask to go to school with Levi, but Clayton stopped her.

THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

Chapter 2109

Hug Your Father First

Jay Malone bought a mansion at a high price near the Stanton Mansion.

The environment was suitable, so he planned to be neighbors with the Stanton family forever.

Fischer lived there for a long time and started to go to school.

That was why Chatty was left alone at home.

Thus, Nicole started to contact schools for Chatty.

Clayton and Nicole tacitly avoided Levi's school because it was not suitable for Chatty.

Finally, they found a suitable school that was less than 500 meters away from Levi's school.

That was the best they could find, but they did not plan to send Chatty to school right away.

They wanted to wait until after the New Year.

The end of the year was approaching.

Levi was on vacation, so he could accompany Fischer and Chatty.

Clayton took time off to accompany Nicole so that Nicole could take more time to deal with work at the office.

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The two got off work at almost the same time, so Clayton went to pick her up first before they went home for dinner together.

That day, Nicole was still in the office waiting for Clayton to pick her up.

Suddenly, she received a call from the receptionist.

"President, you have a parcel that's just been delivered. Should I send it upstairs?" Nicole frowned. She did not remember having bought anything online. She paused.

"I'll get someone to go down and get it." Nicole told Logan about it.

Five minutes later, Logan struggled to carry the briefcase and gasped for breath from exhaustion.

"President, why is this so heavy?" Nicole frowned slightly.

"I don't know. What is this?"

Logan put it in front of her: "It's been scanned. There are no dangerous substances, but there's metal inside. Did you buy jewelry?"

Nicole was even more puzzled. If it was jewelry, she would not have it delivered so simply.

"Alright, put it here. Maybe Clayton bought it."

Logan nodded before he turned around and went out.

Nicole looked at the silver briefcase that looked a bit like a bank's safe. It even required a password or a fingerprint to unlock.

Nicole did not know the password, so she pressed her finger on the lock.

"Click!"

The box opened.

How simple and easy! Nicole opened it in shock and was almost blinded by the neatly stacked gold bars. It was such a weighty gift! Clayton would never send something so straightforward.

Nicole frowned and immediately thought of someone. She picked up the phone and called Clayton.

"Is Michael back?"

Clayton was stunned and kept silent for a few seconds.

"He still has two weeks before his school break. What's wrong?"

Nicole calmly took a deep breath.

"Someone just sent a case of gold bars. I can't think of anyone other than Michael who would do such a thing!"

Clayton nodded in agreement, "Yes, only he's capable of doing this."

Thus, Clayton immediately contacted the nanny and bodyguard abroad. The bodyguard reported excitedly, "Yes, Mr. Sloan! We have already arrived in Mediana. The young master? He's at home!"

Clayton never questioned this bodyguard's professionalism.

However, this bodyguard's emotional intelligence was not very high. It was pure luck that he could stay by Michael's side.

Clayton did not get anything useful from the conversation and hung up the phone angrily. He took his coat and went straight to Stanton Corporation.

Nicole came out with the case of gold bars.

When Clayton saw this, he immediately took it over. It was really quite heavy.

"He's a very thoughtful spendthrift. I'm really worried that he won't get a girlfriend in the future!"

Nicole could not help but laugh.

"You think too much. So many people will be happy to be drowned in gold. Michael is a pragmatic kid!"

"Where will he be?"

Clayton opened the car door for Nicole.

Nicole got in and said, "My dad's place, of course. He has always lived there!"

Clayton frowned and could not believe it.

However, he knew without a doubt that Michael would not go back to the hotel's presidential suite where they stayed before.

The couple returned to the Stanton Mansion with some doubts.

Sure enough, Mr. Anderson was excitedly going around the house.

Chatty was ecstatic, while Fischer followed Chatty blindly.

Although Michael's stature and appearance changed slightly, he still looked the same.

The tall and thin Michael sat beside Floyd and smiled as he offered Floyd a gift.

It was a pair of gold-rimmed glasses that was very extravagant.

Floyd had always been very frugal but generous to others. He did not spend much money on himself.

When Floyd saw these glasses, he kept touching them. He liked them very much.

"Little punk, you still know your way back, huh? Why can't you just study here? Why do you have to suffer abroad? Look at how thin you are!" Floyd touched Michael's face in distress.

Michael was so fair and chubby when he was by Floyd's side back then.

Michael did not come back in a long time, but he felt right at home. He would touch everything in sight like he owned the place.

Chatty and Lil Fish held up a fruit platter and snack platter respectively, waiting for Michael to enjoy them.

These two young children had a natural affinity for their older brother.

For Chatty, she felt that her Ultraman big brother had returned.

Thus, Chatty was very excited.

Levi was the calmest of them all.

However, he still took a glass of milk and waited in line for Michael to summon him.

Levi looked somewhat shy.

Michael held Floyd's arm in one hand and Tigger in the other.

Seeing those eyes of admiration from his younger siblings, Michael grinned proudly. It was great to be back! Soon, there was a commotion at the door.

Clayton walked in with a gentle vibe and said hello to Mr. Anderson. He quickly spotted the person in Floyd's arms.

Clayton squinted his eyes without changing his expression and chuckled lightly.

"I was just wondering what's with all the bustle. It turns out that the hooky master is back!"

Michael heard the coldness in Clayton's tone and tugged at Floyd's sleeve.

Floyd hurriedly said, "He's just a few days away from school break, so it doesn't count as playing hooky. He can just make up for it with extra classes. Worse comes to worst, I'll call his teacher personally!"

Clayton smiled helplessly. Nicole could not help but interrupt when she came in.

"Dad, his teacher is Italian. Can you speak Italian?"

Floyd was angry and was just about to refute when Clayton hurriedly smoothed things out.

"He's Italian and British, so Dad will be able to understand him. I saw that Dad has been watching international news lately without translation."

Floyd glanced at his good son-in-law with satisfaction and nodded.

Clayton helped Floyd in time, so Floyd felt that his love for Clayton was not for nothing.

Nicole smiled at Michael and opened her arms.

"Lil Michael, you should've told me earlier so I could pick you up!"

Michael happily dropped Tigger and rushed toward Nicole. He was much taller and almost reached Nicole's chest.

Before Michael could touch Nicole, he was held back from behind.

Clayton licked his lips and smiled.

"Come, hug your father first!" Michael suddenly felt his scalp tingle.

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Chapter 2110

He's Very Stingy

In the end, Michael did not get to hug his pretty lady as he wished.

However, his pretty lady changed.

That was obvious.

Back then, Nicole was an aloof and stubborn career woman. She was so beautiful that people could not take their eyes off her.

Nicole was still bold and beautiful, but she was more gentle, radiant, and charming now. It seemed that Clayton took good care of her.

Michael hugged Clayton reluctantly, looking listless.

To the side, Nicole laughed so hard that she clutched her belly.

Chatty and Fischer nervously and expectantly came over and looked up.

"Daddy, I want a hug..." She opened her arms.

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Clayton's heart softened as he thought, 'My daughter is definitely better than my son..'

He immediately let go of Michael and was about to squat down to hug Chatty when Chatty twisted her body and threw herself onto Michael.

"Big Brother! Hugsies..." Michael picked up Chatty with ease.

Chatty grinned happily. She looked so sweet like candy.

Clayton's arms were empty, and he looked at his precious daughter speechlessly.

Nicole laughed even louder.

Next to them, Fischer opened his arms and followed Chatty.

"Big Brother! Hugsies..."

Michael looked at Fischer with a frown.

Nicole explained, "This is Fischer Malone. You can call him Lil Fish. He's living here temporarily and is six years younger than you."

Fischer was two years older than Chatty, but he was as weak as little Chatty. Michael nodded and patted Fischer's head.

"Boys don't need hugs." Fischer put down his arms in despair.

When Michael put Chatty down, Fischer hugged Chatty and refused to let go. He also looked so depressed.

Even Clayton could not stand it any longer.

Michael did not hug Fischer, but Fischer went to hug his daughter.

What a guy! Chatty was very protective of Fischer, her little follower. She held Fischer's hand and insisted that Michael hugged him as well.

Michael was helpless.

Under Clayton's oppressive gaze, Michael had no choice but to hug Fischer briefly.

However, to Fischer, it felt like an honor to be touched by his idol.

Fischer jumped up and down excitedly.

Michael hugged Fischer, so he naturally could not leave Levi behind.

Michael was very helpless.

The three young children jumped up and chattered on.

Clayton forgot something and took the silver case in from the car.

When Nicole saw it, she turned to ask Michael, "Is this yours?"

Michael raised his chin.

"No, it's yours!" He smiled and looked at his pretty lady.

"Gold in Europe has risen in value and is the most valuable commodity now. Daddy has always been stingy and certainly won't be so generous!"

Nicole paused and could not help but nod.

Michael was right.

Clayton had never been so "generous".

The two looked at each other and smiled.

Nicole touched Michael's face and sighed a little.

"Our Lil Michael is all grown up now, but you have to change your taste."

Michael looked at her with a hurt and plaintive gaze.

Nicole smiled. She said this more than once, but Michael never changed his habits.

If someone targeted him, he might be in a lot of danger.

Michael had his own room in the Stanton Mansion, and the furnishings inside remained untouched.

Everyone happily ate dinner together while Clayton and Floyd talked in a low voice.

The children also played happily.

Nicole packed up her things before she went downstairs. The children were gathered together.

Chatty ingratiatingly moved a stool for Michael.

Nicole glanced at Fischer and saw Fischer ingratiatingly moving a stool for Chatty.

Levi looked at the three of them and sighed helplessly. He just sat on the floor because he did not want to get a stool. It was getting late.

They were supposed to go back to their apartment, but Nicole thought that Clayton would be happy to see Michael, so she proposed to stay over at the mansion that night.

Clayton did not object. It was not too late.

Chatty and Fischer played too much during the day, so they felt sleepy.

Fischer went to bed earlier than Chatty and lay down right beside her.

When Clayton saw this, he went to pick Fischer up.

"Daddy will send him back to his room. He won't sleep well like this."

"I want to sleep in his room too! He has an Ultraman pillow in his room."

Chatty was so sleepy that she could hardly keep her eyes open.

Clayton was silent for a few seconds.

"Chatty, sleep in your own room. Daddy will bring you his pillow."

"Okay."

Clayton really came out with the pillow that Fischer normally used to sleep on. Nicole was very puzzled when she saw Clayton's sneaky look.

"Fischer will be upset if wakes up and doesn't see this pillow..."

Clayton said, "Chatty wants it."

Nicole was speechless. She really felt bad for Fischer.

Clayton tucked his daughter to bed and went to Michael's room.

The father and son talked for a long time.

Nicole fell asleep in the room.

Clayton only came back in the middle of the night. He even smelled faintly like smoke.

The smell of smoke drifted into Nicole's nostrils, waking her up.

They looked at each other in the silent night.

"What's wrong?" Clayton patted Nicole on the shoulder.

"Nothing. I'll take a shower first."

Nicole felt that something was wrong.

Did Michael encounter some sort of trouble? Why else would Clayton be so worried? Soon, Clayton came out of the bathroom, clean and fresh. He saw the dim yellow light at the head of the bed and knew that he had woken Nicole.

Clayton immediately felt guilty.

Nicole patted the empty space next to her.

"Tell me what's going on." Clayton was silent.

He walked over, lay down, and turned off the light. The room was dark.

"I asked Michael just now, and he said that his mother's family secretly contacted him." Nicole suddenly woke up and looked at him in shock.

"What? Isn't his mother dead? She still has family around?" Clayton hummed.

"She has a big family, so they never thought of Michael. But in recent years, they dabbled in dangerous business, so the men in their family disappeared one after another. Michael only has one aunt left, and she wants Michael to go back."

When Nicole heard this, she was furious.

"They only remember that Michael exists when he's so old. How could they do that? Besides, they're in a dangerous industry, so what if Michael gets into trouble?"

Clayton held Nicole's hand and comforted her.

"I know. I've analyzed the pros and cons with him. Michael also understands that. He said he won't go back for the time being."

Michael was raised by Clayton, so he would not be confused by other people's words. What's more, that family was selfish and cold.

Clayton did not like the conditions that they offered.

Michael was not someone who would be lured by money, so he would not be fooled.

However, through their conversation, Clayton could feel that Michael wanted to get to know more about where his mother grew up.

Children would always miss and yearn for their lost relatives.

This was what Clayton feared.

Clayton was afraid that if Michael got to know his mother's family, Michael would be trapped in a quagmire.